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INTRODUCTION.

It is now some time, as our subscribers well know, since the design of this work was first formed. We have reflected much and long upon the situation we have taken in regard to the public, and yet we cannot summon philosophy enough to prevent a little awkwardness and embarrassment on our first introduction, which, it is hoped, will be worn away by the familiarity of further acquaintance. Every one knows the singular sensations that are excited by seeing his own lucubrations in print for the first time, even in the corner of a newspaper. What, then, must be *our* feelings, on beholding our meditations ushered into the world in this portentous and alarming form, staring us in our very face from the interior of a decently sized book, with fine paper, fair, broad pages, and printed covers, and all to be read by more than—*a hundred!*

Some will, perhaps, censure us for presuming to appear before the august presence of the public, at this early period of our literary pursuits. We may be told that many wise and experienced pens are already employed to instruct the public mind, and that it is absurd and arrogant in us to expect to add even a *mite* to the general treasury. But we have no expectation of affording any great instruc-

tion to our readers. We shall never pretend to be sages. We have no idea that our words will be listened to with deference, or our opinions accepted as authority, conscious as we are that many of those who will favour our pages with a perusal, are men whose extensive literary attainments have acquired for them a reputation which time will not soon bury in oblivion. To those who take a part in supplying our work, it will be a useful and pleasant way of employing the leisure they can command from other indispensable duties. To a part of our readers it will serve to recall the memory of the pleasant scenes that they participated in while they too were dwelling beneath the roof of our venerable *Alma Mater*. We have had frequent occasion to observe that all the sons of Harvard who are now engaged in the active business of life, or are surrounded by the perils and cares of responsible stations, look back with delight upon the exemption from anxiety, the unrestrained intercourse of friendship, and the almost unmingled happiness that shed a brightness over the halcyon days of college life. By calling up these pleasing reminiscences we may hope to afford gratification to those whose experience and wisdom we cannot of course expect to instruct. To other readers, our work will show how students think, reason, and write; and if perchance there should be among them a luckless wight less wise than ourselves, it will give us sincere satisfaction to help him out of his difficulties.

The essays that appear in our work will necessarily show what are the most prominent objects of attention among us, and thus afford a means of comparing the present with the past. In an institution like this, and in an age and country where improvements of every kind are going rapidly forward, each successive class of students ought to advance somewhat beyond the point attained by their predecessors. Whether or not we have performed our duty in this respect, our readers must judge for themselves.

The seclusion of college life, and devotion to the pursuits of general literature and science, will of course prevent us from entering very often or very deeply into the discussion of those affairs, whose temporary interest calls forth the present activity and energy of the people around us. Yet students are no hermits in New England. Many of us frequently lay

aside the speculations of Plato, the oratory of Demosthenes, the poetic splendors of Homer, and the triangles of Legendre, to assume the looks, the tones, the authority, and that still more efficient instrument, the ferule, of country schoolmasters. By this means we season our visions, theories, and demonstrations, with something of practical, political, and statistical wisdom. Thus our readers must perceive we enjoy opportunities of catching the busy spirit of the age, and of breathing some portion of its life and animation into the calmer and more dispassioned trains of thinking and reasoning, which our retired and uniform habits and literary pursuits would otherwise inspire us with. Besides, the activity and bustle that are urging on all ranks of people around, sometimes penetrate the recesses of this retirement. The stir of the world falls upon our ears like the distant roar of the ocean, and diffuses the animation of its spirit-stirring voice around and among us.

One object with us will be to put our readers in possession of such historical and other information respecting Harvard as it may be proper for us to communicate, and interesting for them to read.

Whenever we shall speak of literary works, it will be from the impressions our own minds have received in perusing and contemplating them. The past history of our country, and its growing literature, the progress the latter has made from time to time in the hands of those who have gone before, and the means that have been employed in improving and advancing it, are, we conceive, some of the most interesting topics that come within the design of a work like the present, and, therefore, as far as we can command the materials, we shall illustrate them by historical disquisitions.

We are aware that those who in times past were engaged in a similar work, counselled all posterity to avoid every thing of the kind. We are aware, too, of the danger of attempting to follow in the high paths where genius has gone before. That we have not adopted their advice must not be imputed to a self-complacent idea that we are capable of rivalling our distinguished predecessors. We pretend to no such thing. We shall do as well as we can, and we hope to obtain, if our efforts deserve, the approbation of our readers.

USES OF LITERARY HISTORY.

History, in some shape or other, is practically useful to all every moment of their existence. The narrow sphere of our own experience is far too straitened for the mind to act in. To be matured and perfected it must range over the most extensive regions; traverse the field of knowledge as displayed by the efforts of antiquity, and improved upon, and extended, and more highly cultivated by the research of later days. It must enter into the reasonings and feelings of others, and make them all its own.

We read the history of nations for political instruction. The examples of others instruct us in regulating our own conduct. The examples of different nations give instructive lessons to rulers, and no one rises from the pages of a well written biography without being benefited by the perusal. It is not strict and invariable rules of conduct that we derive from the experience of others, but rather occasional hints, that serve to shed a light upon the situation in which we may happen to be placed; not an exact delineation of the course we ought ourselves to pursue, but the developement of the consequences which the same or a different line of conduct has ended in with others. The history of nations, then, instructs rulers in their official duties; politicians in the best means of serving their country; and the people in their rights and privileges; and it is the philosophic historian, displaying the successions of events that make up the sum of a nation's existence, and unfolding the origin and developing the consequences of all important transactions, who is the means of communicating all this useful knowledge to mankind.

But when we have done with ordinary business of life, when we have gone through with long and laborious operations, that are to increase our wealth, or hasten our progress in advancement, it is pleasant and refreshing to withdraw and contemplate objects disconnected with the vulgar concerns of life, to trace out the progress superior minds have made in moral and intellectual culture, and improve ourselves by the examination of the brilliant achievements of enterprizing genius. The field at once opens in all its extent and richness, before our view; our natures are,

as it were, immediately changed by the undying glories of every thing around; as we breathe a new air, and seem conscious almost of a new existence, and every thing of a terrestrial nature dwindles to insignificance before the splendor and magnificence that break upon us. The effect of an extensive cultivation of literature, of a careful study of the great efforts of mind among all nations, is obviously to elevate and improve our nature. Descriptions of the unchanging beauties of nature, mellowed by the softening drapery that fancy throws around them; delineations of feelings, that are of permanent, eternal, universal interest, cannot but call away the thoughts from whatever is debasing and low, cannot but give a glory to our existence, an attractiveness to whatever is lovely and pure, and a rooted aversion to whatever is mean and contemptible.

But although it would be a desirable object for all to cultivate an extensive knowledge of literature, drawn from the original sources, yet this is the privilege of a few. All may, however, understand the spirit of literature in a good measure by a careful perusal of a few judicious and philosophic histories, where the principal topics that present themselves, in the examination of a national literature, are discussed with candor, learning, and impartiality.

The philosophy of literature is what is very little attended to by rapid and superficial readers. The play, the novel, the biography, the history, are looked upon as amusements, and the popular writer of the day is valued, not as giving correct and masterly delineations of character, bold and graphic descriptions of scenery that actually exists, but as interesting and exciting the *feelings* of his reader, as giving an occasion for those dreams and reveries which it is delightful to indulge in, but which, nevertheless, are of inferior importance to that more elevated object, the exercise of reason and the improvement of the understanding. Well written and judicious histories of literature are well calculated to counteract this evil effect, as may be shown by considering some of the objects to which the philosophic historian of literature devotes his attention.

In the early part of every nation's existence, literature, as well as laws, is crude and imperfect. The human mind is vested with powers that render it always active. If it can-

not move in the right direction, it will choose some other. Hence, before it receives that careful culture, which is bestowed upon it in civilized nations, its efforts, for efforts it will make, are wild, incoherent, and extravagant. The fancy, wandering uncontrolled among the sublime, and as yet unexplained phenomena of the natural world, will form for itself the most grotesque and fantastic visions, and rear fabrics of its own creation "to give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name." The delusions of superstition lead the untaught mind irresistibly away, and lose it in a crowd of phantasms, that never had an existence but in the disordered brain of the fanatic. The principal feature of literature at this period is its poetry; not the regular, beautiful, and majestic creations that the imagination forms when it has received the polish of literary culture, when it is guided by the refined principles of taste, when it is improved by a knowledge of whatever has been done in the same region of thought by others, but the poetry of unrestrained passion, sudden bursts of feeling, hatred, love, indignation. Before the forms of society have become fixed, its customs established, its opinions settled, men will speak from the impressions of the moment, will utter feelings which at other times may appear absurd and ridiculous. Their effusions will be short; generally the description of a single emotion. The descriptions of those feelings which the common affections of mankind, or the striking objects of the external world inspire, form the principal part of the poetry of early ages. To such periods we are indebted for the poetic efforts in the *Courts of Love*, and the wild and glowing effusions of troubadours and improvisatores. Nor are these an unimportant object of inquiry. The songs of bards in ages of rudeness become the foundation of more permanent works, built upon them by the genius, culture, and industry of later and more enlightened days. And in tracing his way back to these dark ages, the literary traveller will discover many a gem that had long been concealed beneath the ruins of time.

Another object that demands the attention of the historian of literature, is civil institutions. The form of government, and the feelings and principles of a court, hold a strong influence over the productions of men of letters.

Where it is dangerous to entertain certain opinions, where the freedom of inquiry and discussion are checked by the arbitrary dictum of a despot, the efforts of the mind will be cramped, and its best creations defective. Even when princes have lavished their revenue and nobles poured out their abundance to nourish and foster genius, it has been with an expectation, very rarely deceived, of reaping a full harvest of praise and honour at their hands. In revolving the pages of literary history, it is mournful to meet with so many instances where men of transcendant minds have offered the incense of adulation to those who in the scale of moral and intellectual greatness were as much beneath themselves as the earth is beneath the heavens. To pass over the distinguished names among the classic authors of Rome, the modern history of letters abounds in such disgraceful examples. Boileau prostituted his genius to flattering that voluptuous, that debased, that vainglorious monarch, Louis XIV. This is not the only sin of the lettered courtier. He turned his sarcastic pen against one of the finest poets that modern Italy has produced,—the rich, the elegant, the sublime, the melodious Tasso; whose strains will be repeated and re-echoed as long as poetic genius, grandeur of conception, elevation of sentiment, and enthusiasm for whatever is beautiful and magnificent in the natural and imaginary world, shall find a chord to vibrate in unison, or be able to awaken the human breast to delight and admiration. But Tasso himself affords another instance of the weakness to which genius has been led by a deference to factitious greatness. The man who was capable of uttering strains that should be the delight of ages, was likewise capable of flattering the base and degenerate Alphonso.

"Tu, *magnanimo* Alphonso," &c.

When we sit down to sober reflection, without having our eyes dazzled by the "pomp and circumstance" of royal pride and hereditary rank, we cannot but ask, How can these things be? They seem to be treachery to the best principles of our nature; the yielding up of the only principle of distinction which any rational man will ever admit to be valid, the distinction of moral and intellectual qualities. One would think that the conscious superiority of him who

thus debased himself, would make him blush at the falsehood of his flattery; that the pen would drop from his hand while he wrote, and his tongue would falter while he attempted to pronounce the infamous adulation. Such examples are subject of remark to the historian, and he may place them before us in such a manner as to afford lessons of deep instruction.

We cannot but observe, in studying the writings of men who have lived under despotic governments, the restraining and chilling influence of tyranny on the mind. A great and noble mind, if it utter anything freely, will utter sentiments that are dignified and elevated,—sentiments that raise our hopes and animate our spirits, increase our energies and inspire us with enthusiasm. Splendid and striking images, glowing thoughts, and brilliant expressions are natural to a mind of the highest order. But when it feels the depressing weight of *power* bearing heavily upon it, its efforts are checked, its action is straitened; and though its inborn greatness will sometimes burst out, it will be the sun shorn of his radiance by the obscurity of the passing cloud.

Another curious topic of inquiry, is the influence of external scenery upon the operations of the mind. That it has a decided and powerful influence, no one who reflects upon his own experience, can for a moment doubt. It would be an object worthy the attention of an accomplished and philosophic mind, to trace out from the earliest dawn of literature to its present meridian splendor, the secret yet certain influence that striking objects in the natural world, with which the eye is perpetually conversant, have upon the form in which the intellect shapes its creations. A national literature is the character, feelings, and views of the whole body of the people, presented to the world in such a form that others may be able to comprehend them. That this character and these feelings receive a coloring from peculiar impressions made upon the senses is absolutely certain. Every one knows the effect upon our after life, that results from the early bent given to our trains of thought. When we first wake to a consciousness of our being, whatever we meet with makes a strong, deep, and lasting impression, and therefore tends powerfully to give a peculiar direction to our mental energies. In the gaiety of infancy and child-

hood, our eyes are struck with the beautiful scenery around us; and the landscape which we first beheld, becomes associated with a thousand tender and delightful recollections; we are exhilarated by the freshness and loveliness of spring, we are animated by the bloom and beauty of summer, our feelings are solemnized by the sober aspect that nature assumes in autumn, and our own intellectual resources and the pleasures and amusements that our social feelings afford us, are put in requisition during the inclement season of winter. All these circumstances, combined with many others, lead the mind to act in a peculiar direction, and consequently give a peculiar tone of feeling to those who are under their influence. The pensive and solemn character of much of the English poetry, is undoubtedly to be attributed to climate and the aspect of the country. The scenery of England is such as to inspire sentiments of a melancholy yet pleasing nature. The mind takes a healthful pleasure in contemplating the rich and variegated beauties of highly cultivated lawns, populous villages, sloping hills, whose ascent is clothed with the richest verdure, tall and shady forests, and majestic rivers. All these combine in producing the most agreeable, and at the same time the most serious impressions the human mind is capable of receiving. Hence the English muse delights to indulge in strains of a pensive cast, or to present to our imaginations graphic and glowing descriptions of scenery, where the irregularity of uncultivated nature has been shaped and pruned by the hand of art.

Truth, however, is universal. Whatever is true for one man, or one nation, is true for another man, or another nation. But truth assumes innumerable shapes. It is come at in a thousand different ways. Many truths, which are either proved or confirmed, not by direct reasoning, but by analogy and illustration, are set forth in different lights, according to the objects that have attracted most attention and investigation, and that have most frequently and most powerfully acted upon the mind, and are therefore the most copious sources whence analogies and illustrations may be drawn. Those objects, therefore, that are perpetually meeting the eye and suggesting images and forms of expression to clothe the conceptions of the mind with, must have no

small influence in modifying the form in which truth is presented.

We have thus briefly touched upon what appear to be some of the leading topics, which, beside a knowledge of what has actually been done in the literary world, ought to engage the attention of the philosophic student. An intimate acquaintance with the great works of the "master spirits" of mankind, is a high and important object. But we cannot relish them so well, or judge of them so justly, unless we investigate the peculiar circumstances that attended their production. The associations of early youth, the prospects of advancing maturity, the hopes and fears of ambition, the desire of fame, the tumult and excitement of public life, the quiet of retirement, the gentle and cheering influence of friendship, the violence of turbulent passions, gloominess or cheerfulness of temperament, the peculiar condition of the nation, added to the peculiar condition of the individual, all combine in giving a tone to literary efforts. He, therefore, who can point them out to us clearly and accurately, has a claim upon our respect, that we ought most cheerfully to acknowledge. That these are unimportant objects, I believe no one will say. If it be useful and improving to exercise the mind in the close deduction of consequences from causes, here is ample room. If it be a good thing to reason upon the moral influences that act upon man, here is the widest possible field opened for the discussion of them. If it be interesting and well calculated to enlighten our minds upon the laws of human nature, to trace out the connexion between the mental phenomena and the external world, here we have the best possible chance of accomplishing our work successfully; for the effects that result from this connexion will remain as objects of our attention and admiration till the end of time.

Such are some of the *practical* uses of literature in exercising and improving the understanding. I say *practical*, for this is the magic word by which every thing is to be recommended in this country. It is supposed to express the essence of all good qualities imaginable. We know that literary pursuits, *merely literary*, as they are called, are considered by a large proportion of the community as a luxury to be indulged in only by those who command for-

tunes sufficient to support them in lettered leisure; or as an entertainment fit only to occupy the hours of relaxation of the statesman, and man of business. Letters, we know, form the principal charm of the retirement to which a veteran statesman withdraws, after having spent long years in political struggles; they adorn the private intercourse of the man of business; they are a noble enjoyment and consolation in sorrow and adversity; and wherever they are admitted, spread an enchantment over the scenes of domestic life. These are some of the *ornamental* uses of literature. But is not a study, which embraces such topics of inquiry as have been hinted at above, worthy of being looked upon as a more serious matter? We confess we are heretical enough to think so. Much as we respect the *practical sciences*, and much as we venerate those great names who stand forth conspicuously in the history of science, as benefactors of mankind by the useful and wonderful discoveries they have made, we cannot help venerating, too, that band of illustrious men, whose works have opened new regions of thought for the mind to expatiate in, and drawn thence crowds of thrilling sentiments that warm the imagination, waken our best feelings, improve the understanding, and mend the heart. We do not pretend that literature has superior claims to science, but we do think it has equal claims. We do not believe it a mere amusement, an entertainment, a luxury, but most sincerely believe it to be an object worthy the serious labour of the most powerful minds; an object of such vast concern, that a portion of the leading spirits of every nation should devote their lives to it. Scholarship is very rarely held in proper estimation in our country,—nay, it is often sneered at. Other nations have supported bodies of learned men, who have spent their lives in studious labour, and devoted their best energies to the building up of a national literature. It would, indeed, be useless to deny that there has been many an erudite blockhead, who has poured out his tomes upon the world, filled with the profoundest stupidity, and that these fellows have come from the lettered ranks of scholars. But we are forced to believe that it requires equal efforts to build up an American literature, that it has required to build up other literatures. No one can deny that the elements of a mag-

nificent literature exist in the American character, and lie concealed in the bosom of American society. What is wanting is learning, and leisure, and industry, to call them out and shape and adorn them. Genius is not wanting. Go into the ranks of our politicians, and you will find there a body of men who are able to compete in talents with any set of men under heaven. Enter all the professional walks, and you will see the power of mind acting with astonishing effect in promoting what is called the substantial good of the community. It is true, too, that we have many sound and practised writers,—men who do not assume the pen lightly or rashly, who do not destroy paper for the sake of curing the vapours or the spleen, or to avoid the ennui of utter idleness,—but men who are full of their subject, and write with a zeal and earnestness that comes directly home upon the mind, and stamps it with conviction. But where are our scholars? You ask if those just mentioned are not the best kind of scholars. Certainly. But how many are they compared with the whole extent of our population? Go as far as our national vanity will allow us, and we cannot boast of having a body of *literati*. It is not one, or two, or six scholars that are to give us the character of a lettered nation. It is not a few forcible appeals to the public on important subjects, nor an occasional brilliant effort from the pen of a public man, that are to stand as monuments of our literary character, for other nations, and after ages. Nor can we think that it is the divided attention which men extensively engaged in the active concerns of life are able to devote to the work, that is to rear the glorious fabric of our national literature. There is nothing in our condition that we can see at present (we know not how our opinions may change hereafter), which is to exempt our scholars from devoting their lives to retired and laborious study, as other men have done before them. On the contrary, there are strong reasons why our countrymen should be, if possible, more learned than other nations. The entire freedom we enjoy, of speaking, writing, and studying, the absence of systems whose errors have become venerable by the lapse of ages, the want of a literary inquisition like that which cramped the theatre of France, are peculiarly favourable to the cultivation of true learning, and to the most

powerful action of mind upon mind. Nor is there any occasion to fear that we shall tinge the spotless newness of our literary aspect with a hue from other climes. We shall not lose our American character, how much soever we may study and admire the literatures of France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. We need not fear that we shall lose our interest in present things, and become metamorphosed into rusty antiquarians, by a most intimate acquaintance with the classical authors of Greece and Rome. There is enough of activity in all our institutions to prevent any of the greatest quantum of learning we are capable of attaining, from hanging like a dead weight upon us, or from remaining in concealment, like locked up treasure, useless to the world, and useless to ourselves. The last thing in the world that we should fear, is too much learning.—We cannot close these reflections without expressing a hope, and a firm belief, that hereafter, when the historian of literature shall employ his genius in describing the magnificent creations of human wit, on which universal consent has fixed the seal of immortality, after he has set forth whatever is beautiful, grand, or inspiring, in the literatures of the nations of Europe, he will devote the last, most interesting, and most animating pages of his work to the LITERATURE OF AMERICA.

C. C.

MISERIES OF THE SPECTACLE FAMILY.

'With spectacles on nose.'

IN this misanthropic, Byronizing, confession-writing, misery-loving age, when every one is making merry on his calamities, I am afraid that the unfortunate family, whose sufferings I am about to point out to the eye of compassion, will rather be laughed at withal, than pitied withal. So be it, then. If the maxim of Rochefoucault is indeed true, that all people are inwardly pleased with those calamities of which they are not partakers, it is better perhaps that they should openly laugh at them, than by pretending to sympathize with them, add hypocrisy to their selfishness.

Know, then, Messrs. Editors, that I am the fourth son in a family of seven children, all of whom were born as near-sighted as they could stare. Perhaps you see no such terrible misfortune in this lack of vision, and inform me that there is the best possible remedy for it—that of wearing spectacles. There 's the rub. We *do* wear spectacles, and hence originate all our misfortunes. In the first place we are a set of hatchet-faced gentry, and our glasses give to our visages such a diabolical expression, that we are sure to set a crying every child under three years of age, wherever we go. But if there were nothing worse than this, we could willingly resign the pleasure of being seen for that of seeing.

Another of our misfortunes is, that we cannot persuade any one to believe that we are really near-sighted, and that we do not wear glasses because we think them becoming. We are welcomed everywhere by salutations of this kind, "Well, I declare, every body wears spectacles nowadays." "If I was you, I would not wear spectacles, I don't think they become *you*." But the most aggravating person is my good aunt Grizzle, who was born in a time when no one under fifty years of age would dare to mount goggles, even though he were half blind. Every time for the last ten years that I have been to see her, she has invariably commenced with, "Why, nephew John, do you wear spectacles too? why I am fifty-six years old next March, and I don't wear them yet."

I was once so maddened by these things, that I took a hammer and deliberately broke the glasses of my spectacles, making a solemn determination never to put them on again. Numberless were the solecisms which I committed in the following week. I met a young lady, in whose affections I thought I had made some progress, three times, without noticing her, and she has never spoken to me since. I came very near being run through the body for bowing to a gentleman whom I did not know, and lost one of my best friends by *cutting* him, as he supposed, in the most wilful manner. At a large ball I went up to a person whom I took to be the lady of the house, and after having made her a low bow, and having made a few observations on the state of the weather, fullness of the rooms, &c., I was informed by a good natured friend that she was a servant. I turned.

rushed out of the house, and made my way home, which I reached, after walking into one cellar, and tumbling into sundry puddles. The next day I sent my spectacles to Mr. P—— to be reglassed, and shall never be persuaded to put them off again.

My second brother is a great sportsman; that is to say, he goes a shooting often, and sometimes bags a bird; but as he is near-sighted also, the wonder is, how he ever does that. He commits a few mistakes, however, like the rest of us. For instance, he sometimes brings home a tame duck, or a few tame pigeons, and he once shot a terrier, which he mistook for a fox. He once came near committing a more serious mistake. He fired at something which he thought was a grey squirrel running on the top of a wall. It fell, but when he came up, he discovered that he had put twenty-four robin shot through the top of a white hat, belonging to a gentleman who was walking on the other side of the wall. Luckily, high crowned hats were in fashion at the time, and as the gun carried close, the gentleman sustained no injury; but I have observed that my brother has never fired at a squirrel since.

Such are the calamities to which we are liable, and which, though trivial in themselves, are more tormenting to us than more serious evils. And now you may, perhaps, inquire, what good I expect to gain from thus publishing my misfortunes. A French physician has lately discovered, that a person in pain can alleviate his sufferings by groaning and crying out. So it is with me. By communicating my distresses to you, I unburden my mind, and know that there are some who may sympathize with me. I also mean this communication as a warning to all, never again to insinuate that I wear spectacles for any other reason than that I am near-sighted. I am naturally a peaceable man, but if any one should ever offer me this worst of insults, neither rank, nor wealth, nor station, shall secure him from my vengeance.

C.

FUNERAL RITES.

Here rose the funeral pyre—there sank the grave:
Why thus should mortal clay exact our cares,
When the freed soul has rent the veil of time!
New Play.

WHENCE arises in man that universal feeling of dread, at the sight, at the thought of the lifeless corpse, when the thinking, feeling, acting something has left it. Is it only that there is in it, that which too strongly reminds us of the irrevocable change which must be, a change that makes all endeavours powerless, and sharpens grief by the certainty that its severest pang can never reinstate the spirit which has fled, nor light up with the beam of life the countenance that wears only the vacant paleness of death?—Why does the savage, whose mind owns no teacher but nature, and man exalted in reason, enriched with knowledge, made wise by the inspiration of infinite intelligence, feel an impulse strong and uncontrollable to veil from his sight the perishing remains of mortality? Is it only because that, which moved and felt, which wore the brightness of health and the smile of hope, is now inanimate and ghastly—is it that the tongue, whose accents gave sweetness to consolation, and liveliness to mirth, is now silent, and that the eye which spoke an eloquent language from the soul has lost its power?

There is something more, and beyond this—a feeling within us allied to something other than the frail body marked with the seal of mortality and bearing upon it the impress of corruption. Could man feel that there was no future, that death was not merely a change of state, but the end of being, the grief which has sought consolation in honoring and reverencing, in preserving the memory and cherishing the praises of the dead—the care and solicitude which has originated and preserved the various and splendid ceremonies of sepulture, would never have found a place in the human heart. If life were looked upon as the only scene of action, death would be hailed as the wished for event—the last act—which finishes the tedious drama of existence. The spirit of man shrinks at dissolution, which bears in it a mystery, that calls him to press beyond the visible to the thick dark-

ness of the future, and at the same time hold him back from daring to attempt, while he feels that stirring within that assures him of a higher and nobler existence to which he shall attain when the bonds and shackles shall be thrown off, which he is conscious now bind him down and restrain the free and bold exertion of which he is capable. But when or how? He sees his companion fall, he knows not where to rise; he perceives the fatal blow, and a wild imagination is left to "body forth" the unknown arm that was raised against him, and search out the reason which directed it. Fancy strives to penetrate into the "undiscovered country," to follow the soul in its flight to its eternal rest; and having swept away the mystery of the grave, in the triumph of reality and perfect knowledge, to meet the fell destroyer, robbed of his power to terrify, as the friendly porter to the gates of bliss.

In contemplating the treatment which has, in different ages and in different countries, prevailed in the disposition of the bodies of the dead, we cannot but remark a connexion between the nature of the ceremonies and the existing notions of the qualities of the soul and the character of a future state; and it will generally be found that the more gross and irrational modes of belief are accompanied by the unnatural rites of cremation, while the interment of the dead, so accordant with the course of nature and so little repugnant to the feelings, has always obtained where the heaven of bliss was least a creation of the poet, whose ideas of happiness lay in sensual delight; and is universal where the superstitions of Paganism have been dispelled before the light of revelation. The old patriarchs, whose ideas of a future state were undoubtedly of a rational character, made the sepulchre the sacred deposit of the bodies of the deceased. There was nothing in their ceremonies inconsistent with nature, nothing which bespoke a wild and visionary notion of futurity. The burying places of their fathers were looked upon with reverence—to be gathered among them by their children was the satisfaction of their declining years, and the funeral train of survivors mourning departed worth, while they performed the duty which filial love enjoined and the basest impiety only neglected, demonstrated

their grief, and gave a decent testimonial of respect, not to the mortal which was among them, but to the memory of the immortal that had gone to the bosom of its father.

Most of the eastern nations, and particularly the Persians, followed the example of the Hebrews. They had indeed degenerated in their religion, and paid homage to the material emblems which represented the attributes of the Divinity. But the first principles of their faith were yet pure; and their philosophers, while they neglected the morality of their neighbors, imbibed from them some of their most just and noble opinions. For although they prostrated themselves before the king of day, and worshipped fire as the purest of all things—the emblem of infinite purity; yet their belief of the universal Supreme Being, to whom adoration belonged, who, pervading all space, needed no other temple than the firmament which he had spread out above them, and no other altar than the mountain which his hand had formed; the ministering angels of this being, the one delighting in virtue, in goodness, and the happiness of men; the other in sin and pollution; the final retribution, after which the souls of men were forever to be subject to the spirit they had served in life, the partakers of felicity in the kingdom of *Light*, or the companions of wo in the regions of *Darkness*; these ideas, though in some degree vague, are free from the grossness and sensuality of most Pagan creeds. From these views they imbibed the opinion, that nothing could be more impious than burning the dead, and nothing would be looked upon as so atrocious and inhuman. Cambyses, when he thought to offer the last indignity to the remains of an enemy, committed them to the flames; and a Persian poet, expressing the strong abhorrence of this practice, calls upon Prometheus to take back again from earth the fire he had stolen from the gods, to save it from such impious pollution. It was the usual custom of the nation to bury the body enclosed in wax; and the dying injunction of Cyrus, that "his body should return to earth from whence it came," well expresses the justness and propriety of their ideas, so nearly accordant with those of more enlightened days.

In Egypt, the admiration of travellers has ever been fixed upon the massive structures which have outlived the memory they were designed to perpetuate; their monuments

and repositories of the dead have excited the wonder and attention of the inquiring and curious; and that strange solicitude to stay the hand of corruption and stop the progress of decay which the skill in the art of embalming manifests, is proof of a peculiarity that attracts by its novelty, as well as its apparent uselessness. The memory of worth is a strong and powerful principle of action; but the monument which is raised as the source and centre of thought and reflection, as the respectful tribute of gratitude, and the constant subject of instructive suggestion, has a sanctity higher than that of being the mere depository of the frail remnant of mortality. But with the Egyptians, the lifeless and mutilated contents of the Sarcophagus were the faithful monitors to keep alive the reverence for superior excellence, and preserve bright the recollection of the great and the good who had gone before. Life was only a short scene—earthly dwellingplaces were only as the inn to the traveller—the place of temporary rest and comfort in the fatigues of his journey, while the grave was the mansion of the body through a long series of ages. It was the home of the good and the virtuous, while the bad were left unhonored and forgot. It is surprising that a people, degraded as they were, to all that is shocking and disgusting in superstition, embodying their divinities in the most loathsome reptiles, and prostrating themselves in devotion to the vilest and most destructive of the animal world, should, amid all this, maintain a regard so powerful and efficient for virtue and goodness. This is manifested in a peculiar ceremony connected with their funeral rites. Philosophers have talked of future distinctions and retributions, and poets have imagined and peopled the confines of darkness; they have erected the throne in the dominions of Pluto, and brought the naked trembling soul before the awful tribunal to receive its doom, and conducted it to revel in the voluptuous paradise of the Islands of the Blessed, or abandoned it to the dark caverns of despair. But the Egyptians have placed this tribunal upon earth, assembled the judges beyond the lake, of which the Styx is but the emblem; have brought in the accuser, and pronounced the sentence, which decides whether the body is worthy the rites of embalming and sepulture, with eternal felicity, or an unknown grave and endless wo.

The throne was no security ; rank and birth were forgotten ; a virtuous life was the only guarantee for the favor of the judge.

The religious opinions of the people of India bore a great similarity to those of the Egyptians. In some respects they were more consistent, while peculiar notions with regard to the soul led them to the greatest cruelties in their funeral rites. The cause of all things, the immediate agent in the creation of the universe, they inferred must be a spirit pervading all space, and present to every creature of its power. The soul of man was but an emanation from this omnipresent essence ; and death only the occasion on which this part was again to be united, and mingle in the infinite whole ; as the single drop that falls upon the ocean is incorporated with it, and though lost in its vastness, is the same in nature, in properties, in qualities, with the world of waters into which it is diffused. To be purged from the pollution of earth, it passed through the fire—the purifier of all things. It was honorable—a mark of high and generous mind to seek this separation from mortal alloy ; it was evidence of superior fortitude, of firm reliance, of pure faith, to march with fearless step to the burning pile. From this notion originated that self-devoting heroism of the Indian widows, which philosophers, who have thought the weakness of humanity a disgrace, and good feelings unworthy regard, honor with the title of magnanimity. To those who cherish not the pride of stoical indifference, or the folly of cynical contempt, this illusion, which gives courage to the matron, to ascend with exultation the funeral pyre, and while the flames are gathering around her, with songs and praises to conciliate the favor of her gods, and buy peace for the soul of her husband and happiness for herself, must be viewed with utter abhorrence. It is neither courage nor fortitude, but the power of superstition, which has entwined itself more closely around the heart than the cords of nature, robbed feeling of its prerogative, clothed with admiration what is revolting, made death more like the syren which enchants to the bowers of bliss, than the king of terrors, and by a change too, as wonderful as that which should lead the beast of the forest to seek the embraces of the monster of its clime, whose folds are thrown around it, but to destroy.

It might be supposed that, among the refinements and philosophy of Greece and Rome, reason might have had some exercise, in prescribing the form and character of those rites which humanity demands. We are told that they were driven by necessity to the alternative, which they adopted, to save the sacred repose of the grave, from the inhuman intrusion of enemies. Their reverence for the dead was indeed always active. The graves of their heroes were the scenes of prayer and sacrifices, and their spirits the guardians of the land, until the tomb of the honored became the temple of a god, and the deities of heaven as numerous as the sons of renown on earth. But, with what was unnatural, they combined the most atrocious cruelty. They did not, indeed, like the Peruvians and Mexicans of our savage wilds, number their human victims to a thousand, and fill the coffin of their warriors with his arms, provide the hunter with his spear, and all with provision for the journey to the land of the great spirit, who dwelleth with the rising sun. But human blood mingled with that of the beast at the altar, and the acceptable incense, arose to their gods from the funeral pyre, with the fragrance of cypress; and praise was offered, in the songs and lamentations of friends, in their solemn march around the flame, kindled by the mother or the relation, to consume the lifeless corpse of a son or a friend.

Among all nations and in all ages the great and the good have received peculiar honors in death. The monument on the battle field to the courage and devotion of the warrior; the temple to the saviour of a country; the columns and the statues to statesmen, philosophers, and poets, are among the means of preserving from oblivion the names and character, and of doing honor to the memory of those, who, while among men, exalted themselves by their noble deeds, their generous patriotism, their wisdom or their worth, above the nameless and admiring multitude. It is too great a shock to the pride of man, as well as too inconsistent with discriminating feeling, that the grave should be the unsparing leveller of all ranks and distinctions, without an effort to rescue the worthy from the empire of oblivion. But time laughs at the powerless exertion of man, and soon sweeps away the faint mimickry of the inequalities of life which the

magnificence or the meanness of the splendid monument or unlettered stone presents. And yet there is something praiseworthy in setting a mark upon those who "were an example while living, and have bequeathed a name to posterity," which may be a watchword to awaken the spirit to glorious deeds, and give it nerve and energy, in its proud race, to virtue and fame. It is the same principle which erects the magnificent temple to the hero, and inspires the bard to lay for the warrior an immortality of fame, in the traditionary songs that enliven the gloomy assemblage of the sons of the forest,—the same that carved the statue for genius in olden time, and piles the sculptured tomb to the sage of modern days. But with the change of feeling and sentiment, with a difference in notions and belief as wide as the lapse of time which separates us, the ceremonies and rites we have been considering wear a new character, and although robbed of the splendours of Eastern, and the magnificence and costliness of Grecian and Roman pageantry, they accord with the dictates of nature and humanity, they fulfil the end for which they were designed,—the moderate and feeling demonstration of regard for all that remains of what was once the object of tenderness and solicitude, and the kind and grateful solace of the grief that preys upon the heart. Earth to earth, when the living and animating principle has fled, is the language of nature and reason, and wherever revelation has dispelled the twilight of philosophy, and the darkness of superstition, the victim and the pyre have alike been banished. It is impossible that we should not feel the peculiar fitness and superiority of our own institutions above all that any age or nation has adopted. The expression of tender regard, the solemn and decent disposal of the last remnant of mortality, around which blighted affection loves to linger; the sable vestments of the mourner, the emblem that the light of life has been extinguished; the sad and solemn train slowly following to the grave, the faint representation of the mighty and numerous procession of the whole human family to the gates of eternity; all these are signs of grief which touch strongly on the heart, and, while they awaken sympathy, assuage the sorrow which, nursed in solitude, entwines itself closer and stronger, until its victim perishes in its folds.

E. Y.

NOTICE OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ARIOSTO.

From Sismondi's "Histoire de la Literature du Midi de l' Europe."

Ludovico Ariosto was born on the 8th of September 1474, at Reggio, where his father was governor under the Duke of Ferrara. He was destined to the study of law, but like many of the distinguished poets, he was for a long time wavering between the will of his father, who was desirous that he should follow in the common career, and his own wishes, which urged him to the pursuit that was best adapted to his abilities. After five years spent to no purpose in studying the law, his father permitted him to devote himself entirely to literature. Ariosto immediately repaired to Rome, and there wrote his first comedy in prose (*La Cassaria*), which is either the most ancient Italian comedy, or at least is the only one which can dispute this distinction with the *Calandra* of Cardinal Bibbiena. A short time afterwards he wrote a second comedy, called *I Suppositi*. About that time, he began to write sonnets and amorous verses in imitation of Petrarch; but it is not known who was the object of his affections, or whether, indeed, he ever had any.

In general, there was nothing of melancholy or enthusiasm in his character; his conversation showed him to be a man of wit and talent; his manners, though polished, were reserved, and there was nothing in his appearance which indicated the poet.

The death of his father obliged him to return to Ferrara in 1500, and he was obliged by the scantiness of his fortune to engage in the service of the Cardinal Hippolyto d' Este. Ariosto accompanied the Cardinal on his travels, and was employed by him in some very important transactions. But although he had the superintendance of all the Cardinal's affairs, he engaged in them with secret disgust, while his patron saw him capriciously devoting himself to the trifles of poetry.

About the year 1505, he commenced writing his Orlando Furioso, and for eleven years he was employed in executing this difficult work, amidst the cares and distraction of business. He read his cantos as fast as they were composed to

his friends and men of taste in Ferrara, and eagerly availed himself of their criticisms in order to polish and perfect his style.

At length, in 1516, he was able to publish the first edition of this poem, containing forty-six cantos. His Orlando Furioso was received in Italy with the greatest enthusiasm, and before the year 1532, it had gone through four editions.

The Cardinal Hippolyto was the only one who did not join in the admiration for the works of his protegé; and in 1517, they separated, mutually discontented; Ariosto having refused to accompany the Cardinal to Hungary. But soon afterwards a ruinous law-suit compelled him again to seek employment from the court, and he entered into the service of the Duke Alphonso. Ariosto was employed in subduing the banditti of Garfagnana, and we are told that the fame he had acquired by his poetry increased the respect which these barbarians had for him, and served as a protection in time of danger.

At length the Duke of Ferrara gave him a situation much better suited to his taste, employing him to oversee the building of a theatre, and giving him the direction of all the magnificent scenes which were to be represented there. In this employment Ariosto spent the last years of his life. With a very small income he was obliged to provide for three children;—who their mother was is not known. He died on the 6th of January 1533. His brother and son erected a monument to his memory.

The eagerness with which all nations, in every age, have read the works of Ariosto, even when they were robbed of the charms of poetry by translation, is a proof that he had the power to give them that interest in the minutiæ, which, taken as a whole, they do not possess. Above all, he knew how to excite the feeling of courage. Notwithstanding the continual absurdity of the chivalric combats, the great disproportion of causes to their effects, and the air of ridicule which is thrown over all his descriptions of battles, Ariosto always excites an indescribable enthusiasm for valor in his readers, which even renders them desirous of engaging in the combats of the knight. One of the greatest enjoyments of man consists in the developement of all his powers and all his resources: the great art in writing romance, is to

awaken a confidence in ourselves by raising up against the hero of the story, all the forces of nature and of magic, and in showing the superiority which the determination and courage of an individual may acquire over all the powers that are conjured up for his ruin.

The world into which Ariosto transports us is one of the greatest sources of our pleasure. *This world*, existing entirely in the fictions of poetry, where all the common interests of life are forgotten, where love and honor alone give laws and excite to exertion, where no factitious wants, no cold calculations, freeze the soul, where pain and anxiety, arising from the vanity and inequality of rank, are forgotten; this imaginary world is a delightful asylum, to which we joyfully fly from the cares that surround us. The difference, indeed, between this life of chivalry and the real life is so great, that it is impossible to apply to the one, the lessons contained in the other; and it is ever a characteristic of this kind of poetry, that no instruction can be drawn from it. Still much pleasure may be experienced, when the mind is engaged in a subject which makes no pretence to instruct; for reverie, without any object, is conformable to the spirit of poetry, which ought never to be a means, but which contains within itself its own peculiar end.

V.

POETRY.

THE ORIENTAL MUSE.

WHERE a deep and dark river is winding its way
And its banks are all lovely in nature's array,
As fair and as verdant as a garden in bloom,
And the air is burdened with the rose's perfume,
And the songs of the birds are heard in the grove,
The echo of joy and the emblem of love;
Where the voice of the breeze is bearing along
The lark's cheering notes or the vesper bird's song,
The rapt ear may list to the Muse's soft lay,

That floats like the Zephyr on a bright vernal day.
Not the harsh note of war, not the wail of despair
Wakes the soul of the bard to melody there:
He pours forth the strain—he sweeps o'er the lyre,
'Tis the Rose and the Bulbul that kindle the fire.
'Tis not the wild thrill that lights the eye's glare
Where nature assumes her wilderness air,
Gazing with the burning intenseness of wo
That scathes like the lightning where'er it may go:
'Tis the glow of bright pleasure, the sunshine of joy,
The halo of nature with nought of alloy.
Not the gloom of the mountain, the home of the storm,
Where the wild winds gather, the dark clouds swarm,
And the tempest prepares in its wrath to descend,
And the trees in its pathway their proud summits bend;
Where the storm-beaten rocks their dark forms are rearing.
And heaven's own thunders are madly careering;
But the smile of the spring, the bloom of the flower,
The charms of the garden, the shades of the bower,
Enwrap the full soul and inspire the soft strain
That pours from the lyre and swells o'er the plain.
'Tis not the dark passions that wither the soul,
That absorb all its powers, its feelings control,
That gaze upon man with vengeance and hate,
That frown on his bliss, and smile on his fate;
But the bright eye of Beauty in loveliness beaming,
And tresses of auburn o'er the white bosom streaming,
And the music that breathes from the lips of the fair,
Stir the soul to impassioned harmony there.

* * * * *

Thou bard of the East, sweet Hafiz, 'tis thine
Thy brows with a garland of roses to twine
Of beauty immortal as the star-rays above
For thy lay is the voice of Nature and Love.

F.

NAPOLEON'S DEPARTURE TO ST. HELENA.

The white flags of England proudly are waving,
As they float on the breeze in beauty unfurled,
And the sea's foaming billows in fury are raving,
As they roll by the man who wept for a world.

Britain's high nobles gaze on the blue waters,
As proudly they lash the fair ship in their roar,
And with them are seen her beautiful daughters,
To gaze on a man—a monarch no more.

Ye may look on him now, bereft of his crown,
Ye nobles and daughters of Albion's isle!
Ye may look on him now and dread not his frown,
Nor fearing his sceptre, nor courting his smile.

He comes not to conquer—in pride of his power,
Enrobed in his glory a host to defy,
As a captive he comes—in adversity's hour!
How bravely to yield him, how bravely to die!

Beneath his dread sceptre the nations bowed low,
With Europe's best blood he hath crimsoned the field,
He would have in his pride a world for his foe,
But his legions have vanished and he too must yield.

Napoleon's colors no longer are flying,
But those of the Bourbons are streaming on high;
His tri-colored banners are over him sighing,
While the white flags of Louis wave out to the sky.

As a captive he goes to the sea-beaten Isle,
And looks back on France as she fades from his view;
There is grief in his eye, and despair in his smile,
As he bids to her spires a final adieu.

H.

[We have taken the liberty to make a few alterations in the above piece, which to our ear improve the melody of the verse without essentially changing the sense. We hope to be frequently favored with communications from the same pen. Eds. Reg.]

"HARP OF MY COUNTRY."

Harp of my Country! must it be,
Thy chords will never wake to song?
Oh! breathe the strain as breathed by thee,
When the young dreamer threw along
Thy strings a frenzied arm, and thou
Respondedst to his virgin lay.
As Paine awoke thee, wake thee now,
Or give again the strain as they
Gave it to air by Helle's wave
When love-bewildered Sappho came,
And in its waters made her grave.
Or blind old Homer when from fame
He took the wreath, that ages flown
Has never seared in one bright leaf,
Since first he made the harp his own
That sung a nation's joy or grief.
The bards of Greece no longer breathe,
Yet in their deathless song they live;
Oh! wherefore may not we enwreathe
Our names with theirs, with them outlive

The wreck of empires, and when Time
Would give us to forgetfulness,
With all of Earth, as t'were a crime
To be remembered when we press
The damp grave; then t'were pleasure few
Have known e'en from the grave to bless,
And rob Oblivion of its due.
Does not Imagination dare
To rise above the things of earth
And trust its late fledged wing to air
To prove it of celestial birth?
As the young eagle soaring on
From mountain peak to peak on high,
Scarce trusts the wings he soars upon
E'er that he give them to the sky.
When nature blessed the land she gave
To freedom, could she mean that where
She most luxuriant bloomed, the grave
Of song should be for ever there?
Where nature lavished all her store,
And all around her spoke of bliss
Till sated passion wished no more,
Did she curse it but in this?
What heavens may show a purer blue,
What land hath brighter orbs above,
What maids can show a darker hue
In eyes, bright eyes, that tell of love,
Whose glance full often doth reveal,
Bright windows of the speaking mind,
The secret they would fain conceal,
The bliss, the plague of human kind.

* * * *

Our minstrel bards, and where are they?

Where? with the future all unknown,
A few we boast, 'tis but the ray
That tells us of the coming day
Ere in his pride the sun hath shone.
The day is coming when the strain,
Of genius wakens and shall sound
Till the west echo back again,
And all our land be classic ground.

K.

NOTICE OF THE DEATH OF W. O. PRESCOTT.

It is our mournful duty to record, in this early stage of our work, the death of one of our community. W. O. Prescott, of Groton, a member of the Sophomore class, died on the third instant. We have been favored with the following extracts, descriptive of the character of this promising young man, from an Address, delivered in the Chapel, by a friend and classmate.

"His was a character, distinguished rather for the milder, than the more shining virtues.***Uniting the greatest regard for the feelings of others, to an utter carelessness of himself, he was distinguished for his generosity and a willingness to sacrifice his own inclination to the convenience or happiness of those around him. But, because his character was founded principally on virtues like these, let it not be thought that he possessed no others, of a higher order. He joined to the most high and honorable ambition, the most determined perseverance, a perseverance which must inevitably have conducted to success, in whatever he undertook. His talents were good, but like his virtues, they were rather of a solid than a brilliant order. Possessing a strong mind, and the power of applying it to advantage, he held a high rank in his class.***But there was one quality which he possessed, in the highest degree, and which he was obliged constantly to exert. I mean *fortitude;* for during the whole of the time that he remained here, I have reason to believe, that

his health was far from being good. But this was no interruption to his studies; for he applied himself with an intensity, that could only be equalled by his desire to excel; and often, when scarcely able to go through with his accustomed duties, he has exerted himself so successfully to conceal his illness, that it was scarcely known to any one around him. This must necessarily have impaired his health; and having within him the seeds of a disorder, whose end seems to be only the more certain, because removed to a greater distance, it was only wonderful that he should live so long. But he bore up to the last with unexampled fortitude; never permitting a complaint to escape him, he endured the sufferings of a long illness, with firmness and patience, and died with a perfect reliance on the justice and mercy of his Creator. To this reliance may be referred the fortitude with which he bore his sufferings, a fortitude every way worthy of a man and a Christian. Making no profession, he acknowledged religion, rather as the rule than the business of life. His principles were firm, and his adherence to them undeviating. Believing then, as we do, that his 'faith can't be wrong, whose life is right,' we think that no one could be more truly called a Christian than he. To the friends who mourn his loss, we can offer no better consolation than this. To them we would say, that he who, during his sickness, could look back upon a life well spent, and look forward to futurity, without a fear, is far happier than he could be in this world."

NOTICE TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Not being deeply versed in the mysteries of the press, we have overstepped the limits we had prescribed to ourselves, in the Prospectus. Instead of twenty-four pages, we present our readers with thirty-two. Perhaps it is incumbent on us to make out some apology; but having puzzled our brains with attempts to conjure up sundry plausible arguments, to convince the minds of our readers that it must not be attributed to "malice prepense and aforethought," we have at length desisted from the vain attempt. The best remedy we

can devise for this unforeseen evil is, to recommend to our readers, to leave off at the twenty-fourth page. Nor is it a solecism, to put this advice on the last page, like that of the Hibernian, who, in his letter, entreated his friend to wait a fortnight, and shed tears of grief at the mournful intelligence it contained, before he broke the seal. Far from it. The good old Hebrew fashion, of *beginning* at the *end* of a book, has been brought up again and revived, by the improving spirit of this remarkable age. Our lucubrations, we presume, must undergo the same process, and therefore, we cannot but think this is just the place to give this warning to our readers.

We take this occasion to inform our correspondents, that the number for every month will be arranged by the 15th of the preceding. We request them, therefore, to leave their communications at the Bookstore of Hilliard & Brown, before that time; otherwise, they must be deferred to some future number.

BOWDOIN PRIZE QUESTIONS FOR 1827.

1. The History of the discovery of the Northwest Coast of America.

2. The support which Revealed Religion has afforded to Morals.

Candidates will mention their standing, as Graduates or Undergraduates, and if the latter, of what class. Their dissertations must be in the hands of the President on or before the 15th of June.

MILITARY.

At a meeting of the Members of the Harvard Washington Corps, the following gentlemen were chosen Officers for the present year.

R. C. Winthrop, of Boston, *Captain*; Robert Gilmor, of Baltimore, *1st Lieutenant*; Joseph Dana, of Cambridge, *2d Lieutenant*; Patrick Grant, of Boston, *Ensign*; John G. Tarbell, of Cambridge, *1st Commandant*; James S. Wadsworth, of Geneseo, N. Y., *2d do.*; Charles T. Murdock, of Havana, Cuba, *3d do.*; Josiah D. Hedge, of Cambridge, *4th do.*